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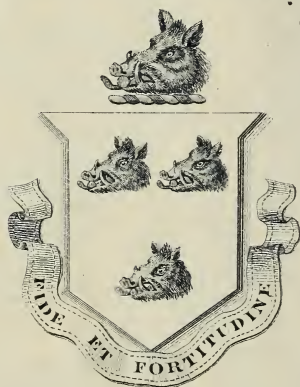
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Received, May, 1873.

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377

Bought at Loscombe's sale at Sotheby's, June, 1854,
lot 1044, for £10.. 10.. 0. S.O. #.

17. 10. 0. 877 Shakespeare (William) First and Second Part of the trouble-
some Raigne of John King of England, with the Dis-
coverie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne, vulgarly
named the Bastard Fawconbridge, Also the Death of King
John at Swinstead Abbey, as they were sundry times
lately Acted by the Queenes Majesties Players
morocco, gilt edges, very rare Valentine Simmes, 1611
Sotheby's
May 31, 1857.

From which it seems that "J. O. H."
made a good thing of it. Shakespeare quartos
have been a good investment, and Mr.
Harrison is a good Broker.

J. P. B.

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THE

First and second Part of
the troublesome Raigne of
John King of England.

With the discoverie of King Richard Cor-
delions Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Bastard
Fawconbridge:) Also, the death of King John
at Swinstead Abbey.

As they were (sundry times) lately acted by
the Queenes Maiesties Players.

Written by W. Sh.



Imprinted at London by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*,
and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons
Churchyard in Fleetestreet.

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149.974

May, 1873



The troublesome Raigne of King Iohn.

Enter K. Iohn, Queene Elinor his mother, William Marshall Earle of Pembroke, the Earles of Essex, and of Salisbury.

Queene Elinor.

B Arons of *England*, and my noble Lords;
Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard* scourge of Infidells,
And clad this Land in stole of dismall hew:
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succede his brother in his Emperie.

K. Iohn My gracious mother *Queene*, and Barons all;
Though farre vnworthy of so high a place,
As is the Throne of mighty *Englands* King;
Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauy yoke
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
My Lord of *Pembroke* and Lord *Salsbury*,
Admit the Lord *Chattilion* to our presence;
That we may know what *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
(By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gesse
Whereto this weighty Embassade doth tend:
If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say, my Sonne, I haue not misseide my aime.

Enter Chattilion and the two Earles.

The troublesome Raigne

Iohn My Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England*:
How fares our brother *Philip* king of *Fraunce*?

Chat. His Highnesse at my coming was in health,
And will'd me to salute your Maiestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

Iohn And spare not man, wee are preparte to heare.

Chat. *Philip*, by the grace of God most Christian King
of *France*, hauing taken into his gardain & protection *Arthur* D. of *Brittaine* sonne and heire to *Jeffrey* thine elder
brother, requireth in the behalfe of the saide *Arthur*, the
kingdome of *England*, with the lordship of *Ireland*, *Poiters*,
Aniow, *Toraine*, *Maine*: and I attend thine answer.

Iohn A small request: belike hee makes account,
That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Are nothing for a King to giue at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.

Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus,
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chat. Is this thine answer?

(page.)

Iohn It is, and too good an answer for so proud a mes-

Chat. Then King of *England*, in my Masters name,
And in Prince *Arthur* duke of *Brittaines* name,
I doe desie thee as an enemy,
And wish thee to prepare for bloody warres.

Q. Elinor My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I *Queene Elinor* (his grandmother)
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-strong mother prickes him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.
Next, wish him to forsake the King of *Fraunce*,
And come to me and to his vncke here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chat.

of King Iohn.

Chat. This shall I do, and thus I take my leaue.

Iohn Pembroke, conuey him safely to the sea,
But not in haste: for as we are aduise,
We meane to be in *France* as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In *Aniow, Toraine, and in Normandie.*

Exit Chatt.

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of Salis. in the eare.

Sals. Please it your maicesty, here is the shriue of Northamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your Maiestie, beseeching your Highnesse for speciall cause to heare them.

Iohn Will them come neere, and while wee heare the
Goe Salisbury and make prouision, (cause,
We meane with speed to passe the Sea to *France.*
Say shriue, what are these men, what haue they done?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shriue Please it your maicesty, these two brethren vn-
naturally falling at odds about their fathers liuing, haue broken your Highnesse peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of Lawe, or order of Iustice, & vnlawfully assembled theselues in mutinous maner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your Highnes: and here I *Thomas Nidigate* shriue of Northamptonshire do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

Iohn My Lord of *Essex*, wil thoffenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discover your griefs, and doubt not but you shal haue iustice.

Phil. Please it your M. the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'vnrip the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonor of my self, & the bad dealing of my brother in this princely assemblie.

Robert Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall *Robert* And tell your Maiestie what right I haue (speakes,
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not vnknowne vnto your Grace)
Receiu'd his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,

The troublesome Raigne

At kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
Whenas the walls of *Acon* gaue him way:
His name fir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by succession from his Ancestors,
And warlike seruice vnder *Englands* Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Philip If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auntient Lawe,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*?

John Fond youth, to trouble these our princely eares,
Or make a question in so plaine a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?

Robert Please it your Grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the land.

John A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke *Ænigma*.

Robert I grant (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him so,
And here my mother stands to prooue him so:
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doe auerre
Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gratious Lord) let *Fauconbridge* enioy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
And let not him possesse anothers right.

John Prooue this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

Q. Elin. Vngratious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,

of King Iohn.

All honest eares abhorre thy wickednesse,
But gold I see doth beate downe Natures law.

Mother My gracious Lord, and you thrice reuerend
That see the teares distilling from mine eies, (Dame,
And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares heere receiue the hissing sound,
Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth masserate the bowells of my soule.

Iohn Lady, stand vp, be patient for awhile:
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?

Philip Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now;
But for the honour of so braue a man,
Whom hee accuseth with adulterie:
Heere I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence.

Robert Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I
Charge thee before this royall presence here
To be a bastard to king *Richards* selfe,
Sonne to your Grace, and brother to your Maiestie.
Thus bluntly, and —

Elian. Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed of thy
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy prooffe. (kin,

Robert The prooffe so plaine, the argument so strong,
As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords,
And all (saue those that haue no eies to see)
Shall sweare him to be bastard to the king.
First, when my Father was Embassadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my fathers house;
And all the realme suspected what befell:
And at my fathers backe-returne agen
My mother was deliuered, as tis sed,
Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this: looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,

And

The troublesome Raigne

And all this princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but King *Richards* sonne.
Then gracious Lord, rest he King *Richards* sonne,
And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and only heire.

John Is this thy prooffe, and all thou hast to say?

Robert I haue no more, nor neede I greater prooffe.

John First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My brother often lodged in his house :
And what of that? base groome to flander him,
That honoured his Embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceed vnto the next. (time,

Q. Elin. Thou saist shee teemde sixe weekes before her
Why good sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes :
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.

John And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,
In action, feature and proportion :
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.

Q. Elinor Nay, heare you sir, you runne away too fast:
Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem*?
Or haue read in. Harke yee good sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise,

Shee lay with sir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon
King *Richard* my sonne, and so your brother was formed
in this fashion.

Robert Madame, you wrong me thus to icst it out,
I craue my right : King *John*, as thou art King,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

John Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor

of King Iohn.

Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime :
This is my dooime, and this my dooime shall stand
Irreuocable, as I am king of England.
For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall end this strife :
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

Robert. My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the dooime
Vnto themselues. Can there be likelihood
That shee will loose?

Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe?
It may not be my Lord. Why should it be?

Iohn. Lords, keep him back, & let him heare the doom.
Essex, first aske the Mother thrice who was his Sire?

Essex. Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip*?

Mother. Please it your Maiesty, Sir *Rob. Fauconbridge*.

Rob. This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

Iohn. Aske *Philip* whose sonne he is.

Essex. *Philip*, who was thy Father?

Philip. Mas my Lord, and that's a question: and you
had not taken some paines with her before, I should haue
desired you to aske my Mother.

Iohn. Say, who was thy Father?

Philip. Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure hee is my
father that was neerest my mother when I was begotten,
and him I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Iohn. *Essex*, for fashions sake demand agen,
And so an end to this contention.

Robert. Was euer man thus wrongd as *Robert* is?

Essex. *Philip* speake I say, who was thy father?

Iohn. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?

Eliaenor. *Philip* awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip. *Philippus atavis edite Regibus.*

What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings?

Quo me rapit tempestas?

The troublesome Raigne

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede these fumes of Maiestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound,
That *Philip* is the sonne vnto a King:
The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am *Richards* sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records *Philippus Regius filius*:
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* sonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts ywrapt in Honors heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
Thy Fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,
These thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge*:
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*.
Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?
Wilt thou vpon a franticke madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?
No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
What ere thou thinkst, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.

John. Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father was.

Philip. Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert*
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am sonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.
Let land and liuing goe, tis Honors fire
That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
Base to a King addes title of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legitimate.
Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.

Robert *Robert* reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His saltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

Mother

of King Iohn.

Mo. What head-strong furie doth enchant my sonne?

Philip *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.

Iohn Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.

Q. Elia. Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine owne?

Ph. Madame, I am bold to make my self your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your Highnesse hath:
And with this Prouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthy so great a Sire.

Eli. *Philip*, I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde:
But cheere thee boy, I will not see thee want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine vncle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble mind.

Iohn *Philip* kneele downe, that thou maist thoroughly
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs, (know
Rise vp Sir *Richard Plantaginet* king *Richards* Sonne.

Philip Grant heauens that *Philip* once may shew him-
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*, (selfe
Or basest glorie of a Bastards name.

Iohn Now Gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselves
With gold and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightily to *France*. *Exeunt.*

Manet Philip and his Mother.

Philip Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much lea-
sure as the hearing of a matter that I log to impart to you.

The troublesome Raigne

Mother. What's the matter *Philip*? I thinke your suit in secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burnes in the bottome of my chest.

Phil. No Madam, it is no such suit as to beg or borrow, But such a suit, as might some other grant, I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother. A Gods name let vs heare it.

Phil. Then Madam thus, your Ladiship sees well, How that my scandall growes by meanes of you, In that report hath rumord vp and downe, I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.

This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts, Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease, That field and towne, and company alone, What so I doe, or wherefoere I am, I cannot chase the slaunder from my thoughts.

If it be true, resolute me of my fire, For pardon Madam, if I thinke amisse.

Be *Philip Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*, His father doubtlesse was as braue a man.

To you on knees, as sometime *Phaeton*,

Mistrusting selly *Mercutio* for his fire,

Straining a little bashfull modestie,

I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Moth. Yet more adoe to haste me to my graue, And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse?

Must I accuse my selfe to close with you?

Slaunder my selfe, to quiet your affects?

Thou mou'st me *Philip* with this idle talke,

Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Phil. Nay Lady mother, heare me further yet, For strong conceit driues dutie hence awhile:

Your husband *Fauconbridge* was father to that sonne,

That carries markes of Nature like the fire,

The sonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,

And holds my right, as lineall in descent

From him whose forme was figured in his face.

of King Iohn.

Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent?
My brothers mind is base, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine:
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the seat of steele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely iudge vs both one countrey borne.
This Madam, this, hath droue me from my selfe:
And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,
As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolute me not.

Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vrge no further what thou doest require.

Phil. Let sonnes intreatie sway the mother now,
Or else shee dies: Ile not infringe my vow.

Moth. Vnhappy taske: must I recount my shame,
Blab my misdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,
Or take from him a while his hearings vsf.
Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Phil. Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.

Moth. And longing die, to shroud thy mothers shame.

Phil. Come Madame come, you need not be so loath,
The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.
Is't not a slackenesse in me, worthy blame,
To be so old, and cannot write my name.
Good mother resolute me.

Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my griefe,
My honours losse by purchasse of thy selfe,

The troublesome Raigne

My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maimd and staind by youths vnruely sway.
And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'st what suites, what threats, what feares,
To mooue by loue, or massacre by death.
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.
The mightinesse of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That something may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me so much:
Vpbraid me rather with the Romane dame,
That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* father was a princes sonne,
Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honours losse left me with child of thee :
Whose sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire King *Richard* was thy noble father.

Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee ioy,
My sire a king, and I a landlesse boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to *Plantaginct*.
I marry sir, let me alone for game,
Ile act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed *Mary* Ile not sell that pride
For Englands wealth, and all the world beside.
Sit fast the proudest of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Philip the French King, and Lewis, Limoges,
Constance, and her sonne Arthur.*

King. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the Albion territories,
Skaring proud *Angiers* with a puissant siege:

of King Iohn.

Braue *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres ;
And all our Forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the West,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an vnresisted shocke
Controll'd the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forget of my fame to Chaunce.

Const. May be that *Iohn* in conscience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres :
If so, forbearance is a deed well done.

Arth. Ah mother, possession of a Crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,
For present vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witnesse, in his Brothers time,
He tooke vpon him rule, and almost raigne :
Then must it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l resigne the rule ynto his Nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares, as threats of no esteeme,
And sooner would he scorne *Europa's* power,
Than loose the smallest title he enioyes ;
For questionlesse he is an Englishman.

Lewis. Why are the English peerelesse in compare ?
Braue Cavaliers as ere that Island bred,
Haue liu'd and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet neuer grac'd their countrey for the cause :
England is England, yeelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of England is as other *Iohns*.
Trust me yong *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this need.

Lymog. The Englishman hath little cause I trowe,
To spend good speeches on so proud a foe,

Why

The troublesome Raigne

Why *Arthur* here's his spoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liu'd outrou'd his brother *John* :
But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouer-match.
But newes comes now, here's the Embassadour.

Enter Chattilion.

K.Phil. And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattilion* :
What newes? will *John* accord to our command? (*lion* :

Chat. Be I not brieft to tell your Highnesse all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale :
For one selfe bottome brought vs both to France.
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,
Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demands.
The Mother *Queene* shee taketh on amaine
Gainst Lady *Constance*, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to Albion,
Coniuring *Arthur* with a grandames care,
To leaue his Mother; willing him submit
His state to *John*, and her protection,
Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.
More circumstance the season intercepts :
This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne.

K.Phil. This bitter wind must nip some-bodies spring :
Sodaine and brieft, why so, tis haruest weather.
But say *Chattilion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chat. Of England, Earle *Pembroske* and *Salisbury*,
The onely noted men of any name.
Next them, a bastard of the Kings decest,
A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high resolute.
Then is there with them *Elinor* Mother *Queene*,
And *Blanch* her Neece, daughter to the King of Spaine :
These are the prime birds of this hot aduenture.

Enter John and his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.

K.Phil. Meseemeth *John*, an ouer-daring spirit

Effects

of King Iohn.

Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
Treading my Confines with thy armed troupes.
I rather lookt for some submisle reply
Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou vniustly dost vsurpe.

K. Iohn For that *Chattilion* can discharge you all,
I list not pleade my Title with my tongue.
Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
To *France* or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchase of my right,
The towne of *Angiers*: which thou dost begirt
In the behalfe of Lady *Constance* sonne,
Whereto nor he nor she can lay iust claime.

Constance Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,
And head-strong vsurpation put apart,
Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous shadow of discent,
Is Soueraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

Q. Elinor Misgouernd gossip, staine to this resort,
Occasion of these vndecided iarres,
I say (that know) to checke thy vaine suppose,
Thy sonne hath naught to do with that he claimes.
For prooffe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by discent.

Con. A Will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the diuell is an ouerseer,
And prowd dame *Elinor* sole Executresse:
More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arthur But say there was, as sure there can be none,
The Law intends such testaments as void,
Where right discent can no way be impeacht.

Q. Elinor Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee
To soare with perill after *Icarus*, (wings
And trust me yongling for the Fathers sake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.

Constance Beshrew you else how pittifull you are,

The troublesome Raigne

Ready to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grieve,
That minister a poyson for pure loue.
But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his mother should be vs'd too well?
I there's the grieve, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne.

Q. Elia. Impatient, franticke, common slaunderer;
Immodest dame, vnnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy sonne;
But iustice makes me speake as I haue done.

K. Phil. But here's no prooffe that shews your son a king.

K. I. What wants, my sword shal more at large set down

Lew. But that may breake before the truth be known.

Bast. Then this may hold till all his right be showne.

Lym. Good words sir sauce, your betters are in place.

Bast. Not you sir doughtie, with your Lyons case.

Blanch. Ah ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoyle
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd. (belong'd:

Lym. Me thinks that *Richards* pride & *Richards* fall,
Should be a president t'affright you all.

Bast. What words are these? how do my sinews shake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,
This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whisper in mine cares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument.
Thy fathers triumph ore the Sauages,
Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing
flaue,

What mak'st thou with the Trophie of a king?
Sham'st thou not coyftrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkass with an ornament
Too pretious for a Monarkes couerture?

of King Iohn.

Scarce can I temper due obedience
Vnto the presence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,
Twise will I not reuiew the mornings rise,
Till I haue torne that Trophie from thy backe,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* sonne.

Lym. Nay soft sir bastard, hearts are not split so soone,
Let them reioyce that at the end doe win:
And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy Fathers skin.

Blan. Wel may the world speake of his knightly valor,
That wins this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

Bast. Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with me,
If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Phil. Lordings forbear, for time is comming fast,
That deeds may trie what words can not determine,
And to the purpose for the cause you come.
Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,
Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
But so and so, because it shall be so.
So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength:
A tyrants practise to inuest himselfe,
Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way.
To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* sonne,
Am come before this city of Angiers,
To barre all other false supposed claime,
From whence, or howsoere the error springs.
And in his quarrell on my princely word,
Ile fight it out vnto the latest man.

Iohn. Know King of France, I will not be commanded
By any power or prince in Christendome,
To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,

The troublesome Raigne

More than to answere, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,
And heare them offer me allegiance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not belecue it till I see it,
and when I see it, Ile soone change it.

*They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare
upon the walls.*

K. Iohn You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loiall
subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls: to dispute on
my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am
perswaded you are not. In few words, our brothers sonne,
backt with the king of *France*, haue beleagred your towne
vpon a false pretended title to the same: in defence wherof
I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you
from the Vsurper, to free your intended seruitude, and vt-
terly to supplant the foemen, to my right and your rest.
Say then, who keepe you the towne for?

Citizen For our lawfull King.

Iohn I was no lesse perswaded: then in Gods name o-
pen your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen And it please your Highnes we comptroll not
your title, neither will wee rashly admit your entrance: if
you be lawfull King, with all obedience we keep it to your
vse, if not King, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding,
without more considerate triall: wee answere not as men
law lesse, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

Iohn I shall not come in then?

Citizen No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Phil. Then heare me speak in the behalfe of *Arthur*
son of *Geffrey*, elder brother to *Iohn*, his title manifest, with-
out contradiction, to the crowne & kingdom of England,
with *Angiers*, & diuers townes on this side the sea: wil you
acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in my
word, to entertain you with all fauors, as becometh a King
to his subiects, or a friend to his welwillers: or stand to the
peril of your contēpt, whē his title is proued by the sword.

Citizen.

of King Iohn.

Citiz. We answer as before, till you haue proued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him wil we remaine firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loth to subscribe before we know: more than this we cannot say, & more than this we dare not do.

K. Phil. Then *Iohn* I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy king and cousin, whose right and patrimony thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battel make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. Iohn. I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excursions. The Bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skin.

Bast. And art thou gone! misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill cold feare assaile thy times of rest.

Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly obiects of pale threatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with stearne looks,
Let shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnesse let him feare pursuit,
And so in frensie let the peasant die.

Here is the ransome that allaies his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* left his sonne:
With which I shall surprize his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* statue did the fainting Greekes.

Exit.

*Enter the Kings Heraulds with Trumpets to the wals
of Angiers: they summon the Towne.*

Eng. Her. *Iohn* by the grace of God King of England,
Lord of Ireland, Aniou, Toraine, &c. demandeth once a-
gaine of you his subiects of Angiers, if you wil quietly sur-
render vp the towne into his hands?

The troublesome Raigne

Fr. Herold. *Philip* by the grace of God King of France, demaundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of Brittain, if you will surrender vp the towne into his hands, to the vse of the said *Arthur*.

Citizens. Herrolds go tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poore Inhabitants of Angiers, require a parley of their Maiesties.

Herolds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene *Elianor*, *Blanch*, *Bastard*, *Lymoges*, *Lewis*, *Castilean*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, *Constance*, and *Arthur* Duke of Brittain.

John. Herold, what answer doe the Townsmen send?

Philip. Will Angiers yeeld to *Philip* King of France?

Eng. Her. The Townsmen on the wals accept your

Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your Maiesty. (Grace.

John. You cittizens of Angiers, haue your eyes Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes Haue made vpon the coward fraudfull French? And haue you wisely pondred therewithall Your gaine in yeelding to the English King?

Phil. Their losse in yeelding to the English King. But *John*, they saw from out their highest towers The Cheualiers of France and crosse-bow-shot Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast, And are resolu'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right.

John. Why *Philip*, though thou braust it fore the wals, Thy conscience knowes that *John* hath wonne the field.

Phi. What ere my conscience knowes, thy army feesles That *Philip* had the better of the day.

Bastard. *Philip* indeed hath got the Lions case, Which here he holds to *Lymoges* disgrace.

Base Duke to flie and leaue such spoiles behind:

But this thou knewst of force to make me stay.

It farde with thee as with the mariner,

Spying the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke

Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the wind,

That

of King Iohn.

That throwes out emptie vessels, so to stay
His fury, while the ship doth sayle away.

Philip 't is thine: and fore this princely presence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your secte,
Being the first aduerture Iatchieu'd,
And first exploite your Grace did me enioyne:
Yet many more I long to be enioyn'd.

Blanch. *Philip* I take it, and I thee command
To weare the same as earst thy father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.

Arth. Ye Cittizens of Angiers are ye mute?

Arthur or *Iohn*, say which shall be your King?

Cittizen. We care not which, if once we knew the right
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

Bast. Might *Philip* counsell two so mightie Kings,
As are the Kings of England and of France,
He would aduise your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainst these cittizens,
Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The Towne once wonne, then striue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Citti. Kings, Princes, Lords, & Knights assembled here,
The Cittizens of Angiers all by me
Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake:
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.

Iohn. Phil. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Cittiz. Then thus: whereas the young and lusty knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
The motion cannot chuse but please the good,
And such as loue the quiet of the State.
But how my Lords, how shold your strengths be knit?
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But vnto peace your forces should be knit
To liue in Princely league and amitie:

The troublesome Raigne

Doe this, the gates of Angiers shall giue way,
And stand wide open to your hearts content.

To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
Remaines one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.

Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of France,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet vnmarried : let him take to wife

The beauteous daughter of the king of Spaine,
Neece to *K. Iohn*, the louely Lady *Blanch*,
Begotten on his sister *Eliaenor*.

With her in marriage will her vnkle giue
Castles and towers, as fitteth such a match.

The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may so deale with *Arthur* Duke of Britaine,
Who is but young, and yet vnmeet to raigne,
As he shall stand contented euery way.

Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.

And as vpon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.

Arth. A proper peace, if such a motion hold;
These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elian. Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou lo-
uest thy mother.

Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing :

Lewis shall haue my neece, and then be sure

Arthur shall haue sinall succour out of France.

Iohn. Brother of France, you heare the Citizens :
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

Const. Why *Iohn*, what canst thou giue vnto thy Neece,
That hast no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right ?

Lew. Bir lady Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely damsell is the Lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of Europe for her pheere.

Const. What kings, why stand you gazing in a trance ?

Why

of King Iohn.

Why how now Lords? accursed Cittizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some disfinall Planet at thy birth-day raig'n'd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Phil. Ladie, and Duke of Brittain, know you both,
The King of France respects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princessse of Spaine, could you affect my Sonne,
If we vpon conditions could ageee?

Bast. Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman:
Slauie as I was, I thought to haue moou'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That Lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of store of English land.

Q. Elian. Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with policie compound this strife.

Bastar. If *Lewis* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke Frenchman take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an English horne.

Iohn. Ladie, what answer make you to the K. of France?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

Blanch. I thanke the King that likes of me so well,
To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince:
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.

Q. Elinor. Sonne *Iohn*, and worthy *Philip* K. of France,
Do you confer awhile about the Dower,
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done.

Constance. I, theres the wretch that brocheth all this ill,
Why flie I not vpon the Beldams face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes.

Arthur. Sweet mother cease these hastie madding fits:
For my sake, let my Grandam haue her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,

The troublesome Raigne

I could affoord it to appease these broyles.
But (mother) let vs wisely winke at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

Phil. Brother of England, what dowie wilt thou giue
Vnto my sonne in marriage with thy Neece?

Iohn. First *Philip* knowes her dowie out of Spaine,
To be so great as may content a King:
But more to inend and amplifie the same,
I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.
For land I leaue it to thine owne demand.

Phil. Then I demand Volqueffon, Torain, Main,
Poiters and Aniou, these fiue Prouinces,
Which thou as King of England holdst in France:
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

Bas. No lesse then fiue such Prouinces at once?

Iohn. Mother what shal I do? my brother got these lands
With much effusion of our English blood:
And shall I giue it all away at once?

Q. Elin. *Iohn* giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace,
And keepe the residue sans ieopardie.

Iohn. *Philip*, bring forth thy sonne, here is my neece,
And here in marriage I do giue with her
From me and my successors English Kings,
Volqueffon, Poiters, Aniou, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.
Now cittizens, how like you of this match?

Cittiz. We ioy to see so sweete a peace begun.

Lewis. *Lewis* with *Blanch* shall euer liue content.
But now King *Iohn*, what say you to the Duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

Phil. K. *Iohn*, be good vnto thy Nephew here,
And giue him somewhat that shall please you best.

Iohn. *Arthur*, although thou troublest Englands peace
Yet here I giue thee Brittain for thine owne,
Together with the Earledome of Richmont,
And this rich cittie of Angiers withall.

Q. Elinor.

of King Iohn.

Q. Elian. And if thou seeke to please thine Vncle *Iohn*,
Shalt see my sonne how I will make of thee.

Iohn. Now euery thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the marriage rites,
Which in *S. Maries* Chappell presently
Shall be performed ere this Presence part. *Exeunt.*

Mancnt Constance & Arthur.

Art. Madam good cheere, these drouping languishments
Adde no redresse to salue our awkward haps,
If heauens haue concluded these euent,
To small auaille is bitter pensiueneffe:
Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
May change with them, and all to our releefe.

Const. Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
What ioy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

Arth. Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solemn shewes,
Rather then helps, heape vp more worke for woes.

Const. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge;
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This cursed countrey, where the traitors breath,
Whose periurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
Beleaguers all the Skie with mis-beleeffe.
He promitt *Arthur*, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride:
But now black-spotted Periure as he is,
He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned brat,
And marries *Lewis* to her louely Neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene these louers: ill betide the match.
And as they shoulder thee from out thine owne,
And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares:

The troublesome Raigne

So heau'ns crosse them with a thriftlesse course,
Is all the bloud yspilt on either part,
Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
Growne to a loue-game and a Bridall feast?
And must thy birth-right bid the wedding banes?
Poore helpelesse boy, hopelesse and helpelesse too,
To whom misfortune seemes no yoake at all.
Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why lookst thou pale? the colour flies thy face:
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it muddie with my doles discourse,
Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
We must obscure this mone with melodie,
Least worser wrack ensue our male-content. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of England, the King of France, *Arthur, Bastard, Lewis, Lymoges, Constance, Blanch, Chattillion, Pembroke, Salisburie, and Elianor.*

John. This is the day, the long-desired day,
Wherein the Realmes of England and of France
Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
Thrice happie is the Bridegroom and the Bride,
From whose sweet Bridall such a concord springs,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Const. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.

Phil. Vnhappie peace, that tyes thee from reuenge,
Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, liue not to see
The butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either realmes,
Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale
That carries me in furie to a deede
Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone (O Kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
Prostrate vpon his knee: which knee shall cleaue
Vnto the superficies of the earth,
Till France and England grant this glorious boone.

John.

of King Iohn.

Iohn. Speake *Philip*, England grants thee thy request.

Phil. And France confirms what ere is in his power.

Bast. Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,
Too base a ranfome for my fathers life.
Princes, I craue the combate with the Duke
That braues it in dishonour of my fire.
Your words are past, nor can you now reuerse
The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,
Whereat me thinks I see his sinewes shake:
This is the boone (dread Lords) which granted once
Or life or death are pleasant to my soule;
Since I shall liue and die in *Richards* right.

Lym. Base bastard, misbegotten of a King,
To interrupt these holy nuptiall rites
With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace;
Let it suffice, I scorne to ioyne in fight,
With one so farre vnequall to my selfe.

Bast. A fine excuse, Kings if you will be Kings,
Then keepe your words, and let vs combate it.

Iohn. *Philip*, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
Beeing a subiect vnto neither Realme:
But tell me *Austria*, if an English Duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge?

Lym. Else let the world account the Austrich Duke
The greatest coward liuing on the earth.

Iohn. Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* wil keep his word,
Kneele downe, in sight of *Philip* King of France,
And all these Princely Lords assembled here,
I gird thee with the sword of Normandie,
And of that Land I doe inuest thee Duke:
So shalt thou be in liuing and in land
Nothing inferiour vnto Austria.

Lym. K. *Iohn*, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrong'st mine honour: and that thou mai'st see
How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,
I flatly say, I will not be compeld:
And so, farewell fir Duke of lowe degree,

The troublesome Raigne

He finde a time to match you for this geare. *Exit.*

John. Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honours thine.

Bast. I cannot liue vnlesse his life be mine.

Q. Elia. Thy forwardnes this day hath ioyn'd my soule,
And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. Phil. Lordings let's in, and spend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrels cease.

Enter a Cardinall from Rome.

Card. Stay king of France, I charge thee ioyn not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know *John*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of Millaine, and
Legate from the Sea of Rome, demand of thee in the name
of our holy Father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou do'st (contrary to the lawes of our holy mother the Church, and our holy Father the Pope) disturb the quiet of the Church, and disanull the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his holinesse hath elected Archbishop of Canterburie: this in his holinesse name I demaund of thee?

Ioh. And what hast thou or the Pope thy master to do to demand of me, how I employ mine own? Know sir priest, as I honor the Church and holy Church-men, so I scorne to be subiect to the greatest Prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me, and say, *John* of England said it, that neuer an Italian Priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or polling peny out of England; but as I am King, so will I raigne next vnder God, supream head both ouer spiritual and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hop headlesse.

K. Phil. What *K. John*, know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope?

Ioh. Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Christendome suffer themselues to be abus'd by a Prelates flauery, my mind is not of such base temper. If the Pope will beeing of England, let him win it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Card. John, this is thine answer?

John

of King Iohn.

Iohn. What then?

Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, Legate from the Apostolike Sea, doe in the name of Saint *Peter* and his successor our holy father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accursed, discharging euery of thy subiects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgiuenesse of sinne to those or them whatsoeuer, which shal carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

Ioh. So sir, the more the foxe is curs'd the better a fares: if God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope and his shauelings curse and spare not.

Card. Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip* K. of Fraunce, and all the kings and princes of Christendome, to make warre vpon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doe in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, beeing made with an hereticke; howe sai'st thou *Philip*, do'st thou obey?

Ioh. Brother of France, what say you to the Cardinall?

Phil. I say, I am sory for your Maiestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the Church of Rome.

Ioh. And what say you to our league, if I do not submit?

Phil. What should I say? I must obey the Pope.

Ioh. Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

Phil. The Legate hath absolu'd me of mine oath: Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee here.

Ioh. Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thee, False as thou art, and periur'd King of France, Vnworthy man to be accounted King.

Giu'st thou thy sword into a Prelates hands?

Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes, and Friers

Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my wars,

Now will I take no more but all they haue.

Ile rouze the lazie lubbers from their cels,

And in despight Ile send them to the Pope.

Mother,

The troublesome Raigne

Mother come you with me, and for the rest
That will not follow *John* in this attempt,
Confusion light vpon their damned soules.
Come Lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good
Phil. And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy selfe shalt see
How France will fight for Rome and Romish rites,
Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,
Let's take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The K. of England to the gates of Rome.
Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see
What *Philip* K. of France will doe for thee.

Blanch. And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
For sake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with me.

Lew. Sweet heart content thee, and wee shall agree.

Phil. Follow my Lords, Lord Cardinall lead the way,
Drums shalbe musicke to this wedding day. *Exeunt.*

Excursions. The Bastard pursues Austria, and
kills him.

Bast. Thus hath K. *Richards* son performd his vowes,
And offred *Austria's* blood for sacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing soule.
Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth say,
I haue deseru'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the Duke of Normandie.
Lie there a prey to euery rau'ning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,
And trode thine Ensignes vnderneath his feet,
So doe I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,
And leaue thy body to the fowles for food. *Exit.*

Excursions. Arthur, Constance, Lewis, hauing taken
Q. Elianor prisoner. *(arme*

Const. Thus hath the God of kings with conquering
Dispearst

of King Iohn.

Dispearst the foes to true succession,
Proud, and disturber of thy Countries peace,
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.

Q. Elinor. Contemptuous Dame, vnreuerent Dutches
thou,

To braue so great a Queene as *Elienor*,
Base scold, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to threc mightie English Kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir boy,
To set your Grandmother at libertie,
And yeeld to *Iohn* your Vncle and your King.

Const. Tis not thy words proud Queene shall carry it.

Elin. Nor yet thy threatens proud Dame shal daunt my
mind.

Arth. Sweete Grandam, and good mother leaue these
braules.

Elian. Ile find a time to triumph in thy fall.

Const. My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arthur. Good mother, weigh it is Queene *Elinor*,
Though she be captiue, vse her like her selfe.
Sweet Grandame beare with what my Mother sayes,
Your Highnesse shall be vsed honourably.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. *Lewis* my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, *K. Iohn* relies his men,
And ginnes the fight afresh : and sweares withall
To loose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis. *Arthur* away, 'tis time to looke about.

Eli. Why how now dame, what is your courage coold?

Const. No *Elinor* my courage gathers strength,
And hopes to leade both *Iohn* and thee as slaues:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. *Exeunt.*

The troublesome Raigne

Excursions. Elianor is rescued by Iohn, and Arthur is taken prisoner. Exeunt. Sound victory.

Enter Iohn, Elianor, and Arthur prisoner, Bastard, Pembroke, Salisbury, and Hubert de Burgh.

Iohn Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right :
Arthur thou seest, *Fraunce* cannot bolster thee :
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last nephew thou yeeld thy selfe
Into the gardance of thine vncle *Iohn*,
Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince.

Arthur Vncle, my grandaine taught her nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Might hath preuaild, not right, for I am King
Of *England*, though thou weare the Diademe.

Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, soone shall wee teach him to for-
These prowd presumptions, and to know himselfe. (get

Iohn Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liude not to remember it.

But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take some order with our Popelings there,
That swell with pride and fat of slay mens lands.

Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ransacke the Abbeis, Cloysters, Priories,
Conuert their coine vnto my souldiers vse :
And whatsoere he be within my Land,
That goes to *Rome* for iustice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudge a traitor to the State,
And suffer as an enemy to *England*.

Mother, wee leaue you here beyond the seas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in *France*,
While we to *England* take a speedie course,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,

of King Iohn.

Be he thy prisoner: *Hubert* keepe him safe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne,
But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse:
Then *Hubert*, as thou shortly hearst from me,
So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge.

Hubert Frolicke yong prince, though I your keeper be,
Yet shall your keeper liue at your command.

Arthur As please my God, so shall become of me.

Q. Elian. My sonne, to *England*, I will see thee shipt,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

Bastard Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To diue into the Monks and Abbots bagges,
To make some sport among the smooth skind Nunnes,
And keepe some reuell with the fanzen Friers.

Iohn To *England* Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme your selues against the Roman pride. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King of France, Lewes his sonne, Cardinal Pandolph Legate, and Constance.

Philip What, euery man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droope ye Lords of *France*?
Me thinkes it differs from a warrelike minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of Chaunce.
Had *Lymoges* escapt the Bastards spight,
A little sorrow might haue serued our losse.
Braue Austria, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.

Card. His soule is safe and free from Purgatorie,
Our holy Father hath dispensd his sinnes,
The blessed Saints haue heard our Orisons,
And all are mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His Holinesse free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainst English heretikes,
Who stand accursed in our mother Church.

Enter Constance alone.

The troublesome Raigne

Philip. To aggrauate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her Sonne.
Be brecke good Madaine, for your face imports
A tragicke tale behind thats yet vntold.
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow throbberh mis-befalne euent,
Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end
A full Catastrophe of sad laments.

Constance. My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap:
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake? let teares preuent her talke:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
Shee weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done :
Elnors proud brat hath rob'd me of my sonne.

Lewis. Haue patience Madame, this is chance of warre:
He may be ransom'd, we reuenge his wrong.

Const. Be it ne'r so soone, I shall not liue so long.

Phil. Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, go with me,
These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe. *Exeunt.*

Card. Now *Lewis*, thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this.

Arthur is safe, let *Iohn* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairst to Englands Crowne:
Now stirre thy father to begin with *Iohn*,
The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine.

Lewis. Thanks my Lord Legat for your good conceit,
Tis best we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.

Card. A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shall not want: but let's about it then. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Philip leading a Friar, charging him shew where the
Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer, but
shew me where the Abbots treasure lies, or die.

Friar.

of King Iohn.

Frier. Benedicamus Domini, was euer such an iniurie?
Sweet S. *Withhold* of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,
And heare vs for S. Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.

In nomini Domini, make I my homily,
Gentle gentilitie grieue not the Cleargie.

Phil. Gray-gown'd good face, coniuere ye,
nere trust me for a groat
If this wast girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coat.

Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
when vp the gallowes climbing,
Say *Philip* he had words enough,
to put you downe with riming.

Fr. O pardon, O *parce*, S. *Francis* for mercie,
Shall shield thee from night-spels, and dreaming of diuels,
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,
With fasting and praying, and *Haile Marie* saying,
From blacke Purgatorie, a penance right sory:
Frier Thomas will warme you,
It shall neuer harme you.

Phil. Come leaue off your rabble,
Sirs, hang vp this lozell.

2. *Fr.* For charitie I beg his life,
Saint *Francis* chiefeſt *Frier*,
The best in all our Couent fir,
to keepe a Vintners fire.

O strangle not the good old man,
my hostesse oldeſt gueſt,
And I will bring you by and by
vnto the Priors cheſt.

Phil. I, ſaiſt thou ſo, & if thou wilt the *Frier* is at liberty;
If not, as I am honeſt man, I hang you both for company.

Fr. Come hither, this is the cheſt, thogh ſimple to behold,
That wanteth not a thouſand pound in ſiluer and in gold.
My ſelf wil warrant ful ſo mnch, I know the Abbots ſtore;
Ile pawn my life there is no leſſe, to haue what ere is more.

Phil. I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy ſhare ſhal
come,

The troublesome Raigne

But if there want of full so much, thy necke shall pay the
summe.

Breake vp the Coffer, Frier.

Frier Oh I am vndone, faire *Alice* the Nunne
Hath tooke vp her rest in the Abbots chest.

Sainte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.

Fie *Alice*, confession will not salue this transgression.

Philip What haue we here, a holy Nunne? so keepe me
God in health.

A smooth facde Nunne (for aught I know) is al the Abbots
wealth.

Is this the Nunries chastitie?

Beshrew me but I thinke

They go as oft to venery as niggards to their drinke.

Why paltry Frier and Pandar too, yee shamelesse shauen
crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord,
at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore?

well, be the hangman nimble,

Hee'l take the paine to pay you home,
and teach you to dissemble.

Nunne O spare the Frier *Anthony*,
a better neuer was

To sing a Dirige solemnely,
or reade a morning masse.

If money be the meanes of this,
I know an ancient Nunne,

That hath a hoord these seuen yecres,
did neuer see the sunne;

And that is yours, and what is ours,
so fauour now be showne,

You shall commaund as commonly,
as if it were your owne.

Frier Your honour excepted.

Nunne I *Thomas*, I meane so.

Philip From all saue from Friers.

Nunne

of King Iohn.

Nunne Good fir, doe not thinke so.

Philip I thinke and see so:
why how camst thou here?

Frier To hide her from lay men.

Nunne Tis true fir, for feare.

Philip For feare of the laitie: a pitifull dred
When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friers bed,
But now for your ransome my cloyster-bred conney,
To the chett that you speake of where lies so much mony.

Nun Faire fir, within this presse, of plate and mony is
The valew of a thousand markes, and other thing by gis.
Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours fir, now you know it.

Phi. Come on fir Frier, picke the locke, this geere doth
cotton hanfome, (some,
That couetousnesse so cunningly must pay the lechers ran-
What is in the hoord? (vs,

Frier Frier *Laurence* my Lord, now holy water helpe
Some witch or some diuelhis sent to delude vs:

Hand credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus
In the presse of a Nunne we are all yndone,
And brought to discredence if thou be Frier *Laurence*,

Frier *Amor vincit omnia*, so *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a Frier whose fancie soone burneth,
Because he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he should.

Philip How goes this geere? the Friers chett filld with
a fausen Nunne.

The Nunne againe lockes Frier vp,
to keepe him from the Sunne.

Belike the presse is Purgatorie,
or penance passing gricuous:

The Friers chett a hell for Nunnesh!

how doe these dolts deceiue vs?
Is this the labour of their liues, to feede and liue at ease?
To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please.
He mend the fault or fault my aime,
if I doe misse amending,

The troublesome Raigne

Tis better burne the Cloysters downe,
than leaue them for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake,
to you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,
to quit you for your euill?

Nun. I crie *peccauit, parce me,*
good sir I was beguild.

Fr. Absolue sir for charitie,
shée would bee reconcil'd.

Phil. And so I shall, sirs bind them fast,
This is their absolution,
goe hang them vp for hurting them,
Haste them to execution.

Fr. Laurence. *O tempus edax rerum,*
Giue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *etatis,*
At threescore welneere, to goe to this geere,
To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog.

Exaudi me Domine, finis me parce

Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.

To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
A hundred pound sterling, for my liues sparing.

Enter Peter a Prophet, with people.

Pet. Hoe, who is here? *S. Francis* be your speed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
your fortunes I will reed.

Come hither boy, goe get thee home,
and clime not ouer hie,

For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt die.

Boy. God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our
house a Sunday.

Pet. My boy shew me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to dwell,
But thou shalt scape them all, and doe full well.

Boy.

of King Iohn.

Boy I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheefe for your labor: my sister prayes yee to come home, and tell her how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue you a rib of bacon.

Peter My masters, stay at the townes end for me, Ile come to you all anone: I must dispatch some busines with a Frier, and then Ile reade your fortunes.

Philip How now, a prophet! sir prophet whence are ye?

Peter I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now, be answered: if not, enquire no more what I am.

Phil. Sir, I know you will be a disseinbling knaue, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are hee I look for, you shal away with me: bring away all the rable, and you Frier *Lawrence*, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest; come on sir prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a prophets rewarde.

Exeunt.

Enter Hubert de Burgh with three men.

Hubert My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauy countenances you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choice of some other executioner: only this is my comfort, that a king commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in brieft, leaue me, and be ready to attend the aduenture: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, *God saue the King*, issue sodainely forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, set him in this chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest.

Attendants We goe, though loath. *Exeunt.*

Hubert My Lord, will it please your Honor to take the benefit of the faire euening?

Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Arthur Grainercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,

The troublesome Raigne

In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the cie.
But tell me curteous Keeper if thou can,
How long the King will haue me tarrie heere.

Hubert I know not Prince, but as I gesle, not long.
God send you freedome, and *God saue the King.*

They issue forth.

Arthur Why how now sirs, what may this outrage
meane?

O help me *Hubert*, gentle Keeper help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reauē a wretched guiltles life.

Hubert So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.

Arth. Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good *Hubert* pleade the case.

Hubert Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, hells horror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.

Arthur What, must I die?

Hubert No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most vnluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

Arthur Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare: (feare,
What is it man if it must needs be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hubert I will not chaunt such colour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.

My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office haue at once denide.
Peruse this Letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert

of King Iohn.

*Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our
quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that pre-
sently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out
the eies of Arthur Plantaginet.*

Arthur Ah monstrous damned man! his very breath
infects the elements.

Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.

Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniustice, that the miscreant
Liues to oppresse the innocents with wrong.

Ah *Hubert*! makes he thee his instrument,
To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
Heauen weepes, the Saints do shed celestially teares,
They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorse,
They knocke thy conscience, mouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:

Hell *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.

This scale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
Ensurreth Satan chieftaine of thy soule:

Subscribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.

I speake not only for eies priuiledge,

The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:

But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,

Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eies vaine lacke:

A cause internall, and eternall too.

Aduise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,

To loose saluation for a Kings reward.

Hubert My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the Kings commaund.

(further,

Arthur Yet God commaunds whose power reacheth
That no command should stand in force to murder.

Hubert But that same Essence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur I pleade, not guilty, reasonlesse and free.

The troublesome Raigne

Hubert But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.

Arthur Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.

Hubert I, if my Soueraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arthur His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong.

Hubert Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.

Hubert Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Iudges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur Yes where in forme of Law in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.

Hubert My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more grieve, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolute I end,
That subjects liues on Kings commands depend,
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge since he commaunds it so.

Arthur Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doe behold with eies that Nature lent:
Send forth the terror of your Moouers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murderers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Vpbraide them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reauc me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.

Constance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day.

Hubert I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist:
Faint did I say? feare was it that I named:

of King Iohn.

My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free :
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,
That great Commaunder countercheckes my charge,
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart.
Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thee yong Lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
Ile to the King, and say his will is done,
And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
To blinde those lampes that Nature polliht so.

Arthur *Hubert*, if euer *Arthur* be in state,
Looke for amends of this receiued gift,
I tooke my eiesight by thy curtesie,
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procrastination may offend
The isssue that thy kindnesse vndertakes :
Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worst. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke.

Iohn Now warlike followers, resteth aught vndone
That may impeach vs offond ouersight?
The French haue felt the temper of our swords,
Cold terror keepes possession in their soules,
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
For buckling with so great an ouermatch,
The arch prowd titled Priest of *Italy*,
That calls himselfe grand Vicar vnder God,
Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
Masse and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
To ease their soules in painefull purgatorie,
That haue miscarried in these bloody warres.
Heard you not Lords when first his Holinesse
Had tidings of our small account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,
He vrgde a reason why the English Assie
Disdaind the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?

The troublesome Raigne

The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,
The slauish weight of that controlling Priest:
Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe.
To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
Banding their soules with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past
(Simply deuoted to the Sea of *Rome*)
Haue run into a thousand acts of shame.
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we haue prouid the more than needfull braunch
That did oppresse the true well-growing stocke,
It resteth we throughout our Territories
Be reproclained and inuested King.

Pemb. My Liege, that were to busie men with doubts,
Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with applause
Your citie streets haue ecchoed to the eare,
God saue the King, God saue our Soueraigne *John*.
Pardon my feare, my censure doth inferre
Your Highnesse not deposde from regall State,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it should meane to haue you crownd againe.

John Pembroke, performe what I haue bid thee do,
Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.
Essex goe in, and Lordings all be gone
About this taske, I will be crownd anone.

Enter the Bastard.

Philip What newes, how do the Abbots chests?
Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Church-men, had they gold or no?
Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect?

Phil. My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes charge:
The ease-bred Abbots, and the bare-foote Friers,
The Monks, the Priors, and holy cloystred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had tithe and tolde their holy hoords.

I doubt

English of King Iohn.

I doubt not when your Highnesse sees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.

Iohn Why so, now sorts it *Philip* as it should:
This small intrusion into Abbey trunks;
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
Curse, ban, and breathe out damned orisons,
As thicke as haile-stones fore the Springs approach:
But yet as harmelesse and without effect,
As is the eccho of a Cannons cracke
Dischargd against the battlements of heauen.
But what newes else befell there *Philip*?

Bast. Strange news my Lord: within your territories
Neere *Pomfret* is a prophet new sprung vp,
Whose diuination volles wonders forth:
To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,
He sets a date vnto the Beldames death,
Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,
Distinguisheth the moouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretellet famine, aboundeth plentie forth:
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With such assurance, scruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a Register of all the Destinies.

Ioh. Thou telst me maruels, would thou hadst brought
the man,
We might haue questiond him of things to come.

Bastard My Lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wist,
And brought the prophet with me to the Court,
He staies my Lord but at the Presence doore:
Pleaseth your Highnesse, I will call him in.

Iohn Nay stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anone,
A thing of weight is first to be performd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King Iohn, and then cry
God saue the King.

Iohn Lordings and friends supporters of our State,
Admire

The troublesome Raigne

Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this dee de of yours.
Once ere this time was I inuested King,
Your fealtie sworne as Liegemen to our state:
Once since that time ambitious weedes haue sprung
To staine the beauty of our garden plot:
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made sunne-shine chase the storme.
After the which, to trie your constancie,
That now I see is worthy of your names,
We crau'd once more your helps for to inuest vs
Into the right that enuy sought to wracke.
Once was I not deposde, your former choice;
Now twice beene crowned and applauded King?
Your cheered action to install me so,
Infers assured witnesse of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thanks the while, thanks Lordings to you all:
Aske me and vse me, trie me and finde me yours.

Essex A boone my Lord, at vantage of your words
We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pemb. We take the time your Highnesse bids vs aske:
Please it you grant, you make your promise good,
With lesser losse than one superfluous haire
That not remembered falleth from your head.

Iohn My word is past, receiue your boone my Lords,
What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours.

Eff. We craue my Lord, to please the Commons with
The libertie of Lady *Constance* sonne:
Whose durance darkeneth your Highnesse right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Disinisse him thence, your Highnesse needs not feare,
Twice by consent you are proclaim'd our King.

Pembroke

of King Iohn.

Pemb. This if you grant, were all vnto your good :
For simple people mufe you keepe him close.

Iob. Your words haue searcht the center of my thoughts,
Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Disiniffe your counsell, fway my state,
Let *Iohn* doe nothing, but by your consents.
Why how now, *Philip*, what extasie is this ?
Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so ?

There the five Moones appeare.

Bast. See, see my Lord, strange apparitions,
Glancing mine eie to see the Diadem
Plac'd by the Bishops on your Highnesse head,
From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtaine-like
Displaid it selfe, I suddainely espied
Fiue Moones reflecting, as you see them now :
Euen in the moment that the crowne was plac'd
Can they appeare, holding the course you see.

Iob. What might portend these apparitions,
Vnusuall signes, forerunners of euent,
Presagers of strange terrors to the world :
Beleeue me Lords, the obiect feares me much.
Philip thou toldst me of a Wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pemb. The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccustom'd signes
They spot their superficies with such wonder.

Effex. Before the ruines of Ierusalem,
Such meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath,
That hast'ned to destroy the faultfull towne.

Enter the Bastard with the Prophet.

Iohn. Is this the man ?

Bast. It is my Lord.

Iohn. Prophet of Pomfret, for so I heare thou art,

The troublesome Raigne

That calculat'st of many things to come :
Who by a power repleat with heauenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these fīue moones
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see
Thy diuination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Pet. The skie wherein these moones haue residence,
Presenteth Rome the great *Metropolis*,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones present foure prouinces,
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding Rome,
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
The smallest moone that whirls about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this Island Albion,
Who gins to scorne the sea and seat of Rome,
And seekes to shunne the Edicts of the Pope :
This shoues the heauen, and this I doe auerre
Is figured in the apparitions.

Ioh. Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
Giuing applause for leauing of the Pope.
But for they chance in our Meridian,
Doe they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this clime ?

Pet. The moones effect no more than what I said :
But on some other knowledge that I haue
By my prescience, ere Ascension day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignity,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyl'd and dispossest.

Ioh. False dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou wound'st me with thy fallacies :
If it be true, die for thy tidings price ;

of King Iohn.

If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose:
Hence with the Witch, hels damned secretarie.
Locke him vp sure: for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the Wizard shall not liue.
Before Ascension day: who should be cause hereof?
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercie serues to maim me my selfe,
The roote doth liue, from whence these thornes spring vp,
I and my promise past for his deliuerie:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
The brat shall die, that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and *Essex*, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
Nay murmure not, my will is lawe enough,
I loue you well, but if I lou'd you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee?

Hub. According to your highnesse strict command,
Young *Arthurs* eies are blinded and extinct.

Ioh. Why so, then he may feele the crown, but neuer see

Hub. Nor see nor feele, for of the extreampaine, (it.
Within one houre gaue he vp the ghost.

Ioh. What is he dead?

Hub. He is my Lord.

Ioh. Then with him dies my cares.

Essex. Now ioy betide thy soule.

Pemb. And heauens reuenge thy death.

Essex. What haue you done my Lord? Was euer heard
A deed of more inhumane consequence?

Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge.

Vnkindly rage, more rough than Northern wind,

To clip the beautie of so sweete a flower.

What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,

When kinsman dies without impeach of cause,

As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,

The guilt shall neuer be cast me in my teeth.

Exeunt.

Iohn

The troublesome Raigne

Ioh. And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
Proud rebels as ye are, to braue me so:
Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
That shall haue passage through your trayt'rous throats.
But husht, breath not bugs words too soone abroad,
Lest time preuent the issue of thy reach.

Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:
But while he liu'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such lucke shall haunt his game,
To whom the diuell owes an open shame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aimed shrewdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,
And in my conscience lou'd me as their liege,
In whose defence they would haue pawn'd their liues.
But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
A tragyke tyrant, sterne and pitilesse,
And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
But butcher, blood-sucker, and murderer.
What planet govern'd my natiuitie,
To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,
So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell furie hath no interest?
Curst be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
Nay curst my will, that made the crowne my care:
Curst be my birth-day, curst ten times the wombe
That yeelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou there villaine, furies haunt thee still,
For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hub. Why here's my Lord your Highnes hand & seale;
Char-

of King Iohn.

Charging on liues regard to do the deed.

Iohn Ah dull conceipted pefant, knowft thou nor
It was a damned execrable deed?

Shewft me a Seale? Oh villaine, both our foules
Haue folde their freedome to the thrall of hell,
Vnder the warrant of that cursed Seale.

Hence villaine, hang thy felfe, and fay in hell
That I am coming for a kingdome there.

Hubert My Lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
For heauens health fend Sathan packing hence
That infligates your Highneffe to despaire.

If *Arthurs* death be difinall to be heard,

Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth:

He liues my Lord, the sweeteft youth aliue;

In health, with eie fight, not a haire amiffe.

This heart tooke vigor from this forward hand,

Making it weake to execute your charge.

Iohn What, liues he! Then sweete hope come home a-
Chafe hence despaire; the puruey or for hell. (gen,

Hye *Hubert*, tell these tidings to my Lords

That throb in passions for yong *Arthurs* death:

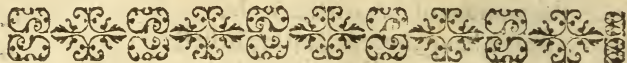
Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reueald

The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.

I goe my felfe, the ioyfullst man aliue

To storie out this new supposed crime. *Exeunt.*

The end of the first Part.



To the Gentlemen Readers.

THe changelesse purpose of determinde Fate
Gives period to our care, or hearts content,
When heav'ns fixt time for this or that hath end :
Nor can earths pomp or pollicie prevent
The doome ordained in their secret will.

Gentles, we left King Iohn replete with blisse
That Arthur linde, whom he supposed slaine ;
And Hubert posting to returne those Lords,
Who deem'd him dead, and parted discontent :
Arthur himselfe begins our latter Act,
Our Act of outrage, desprate furie, death ;
Wherein fond rashnesse murthereth first a Prince,
And Monks falsenesse poysoneth last a King,
First Scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,
And last concludes Iohns fatall tragedie.

The second part of
The troublesome Raigne
of King Iohn.

Containing

*The entrance of Lewis the French Kings sonne:
With the poysoning of King Iohn
by a Monke.*

Enter yong Arthur on the walls.

Now help good hap to further mine entent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extremes:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolute,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better detist, and liue in prison still.
Prison said I? nay, rather death than so:
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
He venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

*He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from
his traunce, speakes thus;*

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.

Sweete

The troublesome Raigne

Sweet *Iesu* saue my soule; forgiue my rash attempt,
Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
When shee shall heare my tragycke ouerthrowe.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forsake my brused trunk,
I die I die, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And Lady mother all good hap to thee.

He dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, Essex.

Essex. My Lords of *Pembroke* and of *Salisbury*,
We must be carefull in our policie,
To vndermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we neuer find the Princes graue.

Pemb. My Lord of *Essex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.
But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life shin'd like the Mornings blush,
Cast out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.

Salisb. O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deed!
My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleed.

Essex. Leaue childish teares braue Lords of England,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eies should conduit forth a sea of teares,
If sobs would helpe, or sorows serue the turne,
My heart should volley-out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootlesse were't to breath as many sighes
As might ecclipse the brightest Sommers sunne,
Here rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.
Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
Giue hand and heart, and Englishmen to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of these harmes.

Pemb. The best aduice: But who comes posting here?

Enter

of King Iohn.

Enter Hubert.

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,
The King entreats your soonest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himsele and me,
For executing of his strict command.
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assur'd him of his cousins being safe,
Whom pity would not let me doe to death:
He craues your company my Lords in haste,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* straight,
Who is in health vnder my custody.

Effex. In health base villaine, 'were't not I leaue the
To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge belongs, (crime
Here shouldst thou perish on my rapiers point.
Call'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.

Hub. My Lords, but heare me speake, and kil me then,
If here I left not this yong Prince aliue,
Maugre the hastie Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earnest loue,
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

Sals. Hence traytor hence, thy counsel is herein. *Exit. Hu.*
Some in this place appointed by the King,
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.

Effex. How say you Lords, shal we with speed dispatch
Vnder our hands a packet into France,
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,
To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto.
Besides, the Pope, on peril of his curse,

H

Hath

The troublesome Raigne

Hath bard vs of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewis* his true descent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from Rome,
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reed,
To make vs all perscuer in this deed.

Pemb. My Lord of *Essex*, well haue you aduis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Salisb. And *Salisbury* will not gaine say the same :
But aide that course as farre forth as he can.

Essex. Then each of vs send straight to his allies,
To win them to this famous enterprife :
And let vs all yclad in Palmers weed,
The tenth of April at *S. Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare secrecie and aid to this aduise.
Meane while, let vs conuey this body hence,
And giue him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his months mind, and his obsequies,
With sollemne intercession for his soule.
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

Pemb. The tenth of April at *S. Edmunds Burie*,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex. Then let vs all conuey the body hence. *Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, with two or three, and the Prophet.

Ioh. Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That euery object these mine eies behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies this prating Prophet threats.
Tis come indeed : ah were it fully past,
Then were I carelesse of a thousand feares.

The

of King Iohn.

The Diall tels me, it is twelue at noone.

Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
False seers prophecies of no import.

Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the Sunne from our Meridian,
Vnto the moonested circle of th'antipodes,
As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,
Then *Iohn*, the date offatall prophecies,
Should with the Prophets life together end.

But *multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*

Peter, vn say thy foolish doting dreame,
And by the crowne of England here I sweare,
To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

Peter. King *Iohn*, although the time I haue prescrib'd
Be but twelue houres remaining yet behind,
Yet doe I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *Iohn* shall not be king as heretofore.

Iohn. Vaine buzzard, what mischance can chance so
To set a king beside his regall seat? (soone,

My heart is good, my body passing strong,
My Land in peace, my enemies subdu'd,
Onely my barons storme at *Arthurs* death:
But *Arthur* liues, I there the challenge growes,
Were he dispatch'd vnto his longest home,
Then were the King secure of thousand foes.

Hubert, what newes with thee, where are my Lords?

Hub. Hard newes my Lord, *Arthur* the louely prince,
Seeking to escape ouer the castle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite.

Ioh. Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more words
hang the Prophet.

Away with *Peter*, villain out of my sight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.

The troublesome Raigne

Now *Iohn*, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I strived for a crowne,
I could haue well afforded to thine age,
Long life, and happinesse to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

Ioh. Philip what newes with thee?

Bast. The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

Ioh. There let him hang, and be the *Rauens* food,
While *Iohn* triumphs in spite of prophecies.
But whats the tydings from the *Popelings* now?
What say the *Monkes* and *Priests* to our proceedings?
Or where's the *Barons* that so suddainely
Did leaue the king vpon a false surmise?

Bast. The *Prelates* storme and thirst for sharp reuenge:
But please your Maiestie, were that the worst,
It little skild: a greater danger growes,
Which must be weeded out by carefull speed,
Or all is lost, for all is leueld at.

Ioh. More frights and feares! what ere thy tidings be,
I am prepar'd: then *Philip*, quickly say,
Meane they to murder, or imprison me,
To giue my Crowne away to *Rome* or *France*;
Or will they each of them become a King?
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

Bast. Not worse my Lord, but euery whit as bad.
The Nobles haue elected *Lewis* King,
In right of Lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife;
His landing is expected euery houre,
The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Estates,
Incited chiefly by the Cardinall,

of King Iohn.

Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to see their new elected King.
And for vndoubted prooffe, see here my Liege,
Letters to me from your Nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action:
Who vnder shew of fained holinesse,
Appoint their meeting at *S. Edmunds Burie*,
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The ouerthrowe and downefall of your State.

Ioh. Why so it must be: one houre of content,
Match'd with a month of passionate effects.
Why shines the Sunne to fauour this consort?
Why doe the winds not breake their brazen gates,
And scatter all these periur'd complices,
With all their counsels, and their damned drifts?
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them;
The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,
Conspire with those confederates my decay.
Then hell for me, if any power be there,
For sake that place, and guide me step by step,
To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
These traytors; oh that name is too good for them,
And death is easie: is there nothing worse,
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
What saist thou *Philip*? why assist thou not?

Bast. These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season:
Help must descend from heauen against this treason?

Ioh. Nay thou wilt proue a traytor with the rest,
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

Bast. I would be loath to leaue your Highnesse thus,
Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe.

Ioh. Ah *Philip*, whither go'st thou? come againe.

Bast. My Lord, these motions are as passions of a mad

Ioh. A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed, (man.
My heart is maz'd, my senses all foredone.

The troublesome Raigne

And *John* of England now is quite vndone.
Was euer King as I opprest with cares?
Dame *Elianor* my noble mother Queene,
My onely hope and comfort in distresse,
Is dead, and England excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the Pope,
All Churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,
And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,
The seruice of the Highest is neglected,
The multitude (a beast of many heads)
Doe wish confusion to their soueraigne;
The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
Assemble powers to beate mine Empire downe:
And more than this, elect a forrein king.
O England, wert thou euer miserable,
King *John* of England sees thee miserable:
John, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,
Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achini.
Philip, as thou hast euer lou'd thy King,
So show it now: post to *S. Edmunds Burie*,
Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their diuellish plots, and damn'd deuises,
Though *John* be faultie, yet let subiects beare,
He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother though shee were vnnaturall,
Is better than the kindest step-dame is:
Let neuer Englishman trust forraine rule.
Then *Philip* shew thy fealty to thy King,
And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King.

Bast. I goe my Lord: see how he is distraught,
This is the cursed Priest of Italy
Hath heap'd these mischiefes on this haplesse land.
Now *Philip*, hadst thou *Tullies* eloquence,
Then might'st thou hope to plead with good successe. *Exit*
Iob. And art thou gone? successe may follow thee:
Thus hast thou shew'd thy kindnesse to thy King.

of King Iohn.

Sirra, in haste goe greet the Cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the Legat from the Pope.
Say that the King desires to speake with him.
Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maist resolute:
And if thou wilt continue Englands King,
Then cast about to keepe thy Diadem;
For life and land, and all is leueld at.
The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,
He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free
From due obedience to their Soueraigne:
He animates the Nobles in their warres,
He giues away the Crowne to *Philips* sonne,
And pardons all that seeke to murder thee:
And thus blind zeale is still predominant.
Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
But finely to dissemble with the Pope:
That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue
To cure the hurt, else quite incurable.
Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man
T'abolish Pope, and Poperie from thy Realme:
But in thy Seate, if I may guesse at all,
A King shall raigne that shall suppress them all.
Peace *Iohn*, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou sai'st,
Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. Now *Iohn*, vnworthy man to breath on earth,
That do'st oppugne against thy mother Church:
Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe?

Iohn. Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of *S. Peters* Church,
Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doe submit me to the sea of Rome,
And vow for penance of my high offence,

The troublesome Raigne

To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres.

Pand. No *John*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption.

John Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no help with thy submission,
Vnsheathe thy sword, and slei the misprowd priest
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie King :
No *John*, submit againe, dissemble yet,
For Priests and Women must be flattered.
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know,
No time too late for sinners to repent,
Absolue me then, and *John* doth sweare to do
The vttermost what euer thou demaundst.

Pandulph John, now I see thy hearty penitence,
I rewe and pittie thy distrest estate,
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And onely one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome
Thy Crowne and Diadem, then shall the Pope
Defend thee from th' inuasion of thy foes.
And where his Holinesse hath kindled *Fraunce*,
And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the King.

John From bad to worse, or I must loose my realme,
Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto *Rome* :
A miserie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What, shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
No : with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

of King Iohn.

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Maiestie, there is descried on the coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of all men is thought to be the French fleet, vnder the conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the countrey in a mutiny, so they send to your Grace for succour.

K. Ioh. How now Lord Cardinal, what's your best ad-
These mutinies must be allaid in time, (uise?
By policy or headstrong rage at least.
O Iohn, these troubles tyre thy wearied soule,
And like to *Luna* in a sad Eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be, when Kings are griued so,
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrowe.

Card. *K. Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy Land:
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the Church,
And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.

Ioh. On *Pandulph*, be it as thou hast decreed,
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My Realme shall flourish, and my Crowne in peace.

*Enter the Nobles, Pembroke, Essex, Chester, Bew-
champe, Clare, with others.*

Pemb. Now sweet *S. Edmund* holy Saint in heauen,
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteem'd on earth,
Infuze a constant zeale in all our hearts,
To prosecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends haue you procur'd.

Bewch. The *L. Fitzwater*, *L. Percie*, and *L. Rosse*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth houre.

Essex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgrimage,

The troublesome Raigne

By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord *Eustance*, *Vesey*, Lord *Cressy*, and Lord *Mowbrey*,
Appointed meeting at S. *Edmunds* shrine.

Pemb. Vntill their presence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweet complices in holy Christian acts,
That venture for the purchasse of renowne;
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.

Essex. Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
In Pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with swift vnwoonted pace,
May be they are the persons you expect.

Pemb. With swift vnwoonted gate, see what a thing is
That spurs them on with seruence to this shrine, (zeale,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent:
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That sweat in body by the minds disease:
Hap and hearts-case braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard Philip, &c.

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a Christian cause.

Essex. Cheerely repli'd braue branch of Kingly stocke,
A right *Plantagenet* should reason so.
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause:
The seruile yoke that pained vs with toyle,
On strong instinct hath fram'd this conuenticle,
To ease our neckes of seruitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
Which of you all so barren in conceipt,
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
But lest Enigma's shadow shining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
Th'effect of this resort importeth this,
To root and cleane extirpate tyrant *John*,
Tyrant I say, appealing to the man,

of King Iohn.

If any here that loues him, and I aske,
What kindship, lenitie, or Christian raigne,
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach?
First I inferre the *Chesters* banishment:
For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the diuell should be sau'd,
But this the least of many thousand faults,
That circumstance with leisure might display.
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in presence, but for some great cause
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
But shall I close the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,
His cousins death, that sweet vnguiltie child,
Vntimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Here are my proofes, as cleere as grauel brooke,
And on the same I further must inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To shew the which, is yet to be describ'd.
My Lord of *Pembrooke*, shewe what is behinde,
Onely I say, that were there nothing else
To mooue vs, but the Popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured, if we faile,
It were enough to instigate vs all,
With earnestnesse of sprite, to seeke a meane
To dispossesse *Iohn* of his regiment.

Pemb. Well hath my Lord of *Essex* told his tale,
Which I auerre for most substantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I say that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our English crowne.
Short tale to make, the Sea Apostolike,
Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.

The troublesome Raigne

If any be, as trust me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the Vſurpers roome:
This is the cauſe of all our preſence here,
That on the holy Altar we proteſt,
To aid the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for England,
What ſay you Lords?

Salif. As *Pembrooke* ſaith, affirmeth *Salisburie*:
Faire *Lewis* of France that ſpouſed Lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled ſtrength
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpoſe, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inueſt him as we may deuife,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants ſtead:
And ſo the warrant on the Altar ſworne,
And ſo the intent for which we hither came.

Baſt. My Lord of *Salisburie*, I cannot couch
My ſpeeches with the needfull words of arte,
As doth beſeeme in ſuch a waightie worke,
But what my conſcience and my duty will,
I purpoſe to impart.
For *Cheſters* exile, blame his buſie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade:
For any priuate cauſes that you haue,
Me thinke they ſhould not mount to ſuch a height,
As to depoſe a King in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, *K. John* was innocent,
He deſperate was the deathſman to himſelfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime, iniuſtly do im-
But wher ſel traitorifine hath reſidēce, (pute to his default,
There wants no words to ſet deſpight on worke.
I ſay tis ſhame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wreſt ſuch petty wrongs in tearms of right,
Againſt a King annointed by the Lord.

Why

of King Iohn.

Why *Salisbury*, admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where sitteth he to whom reuenge belongs.
And doth a Pope, a priest, a man of pride,
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull kings?
What can he bleffe, or who regards his curse,
But such as giue to man, and take from God?
I speake it in the sight of God aboue,
There's not a man that dies in your beleefe,
But sels his soule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *Iohn*, please hell,
Make hauocke of the welfare of your soules,
For here I leaue you in the sight of heauen,
A troope of traytors, food for hellish fiends;
If you desist, then follow me as friends,
If not, then doe your worst, as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewis* his right, alasse tis too too lame,
A senslesse claime, if truth be titles friend.
In brieft, if this be cause of our resort,
Our pilgrimage is to the diuels shrine.
I came not Lords, to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counsell in so bad a cause :
Please you returne, we goe againe as friends,
If not, I to my King, and you where traytors please. *Exit.*

Percie. A hot yong man, and so my Lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better lost than found.

Pemb. What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,
Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altar,
That you wil to the death, be aid to *Le.* & enemy to *Iohn*?
Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his harts ac-
Wel then, euery man to armes to meet the king, (cord,
Who is already before London.

Enter Messenger.

Pemb. What newes Herauld?

The troublesome Raigne

The right Christian Prince my master, *Lewis* of France, is at hand, comming to visit your Honours, directed hither by the right honourable *Richard* Earle of Bigot, to conferre with your honours.

Pemb. How neere is his Highnesse?

Mef. Ready to enter your presence.

Enter Lewis, Earle Bigot, with his troupe.

Lew. Faire Lords of England, *Lewis* salutes you all
As friends, and firme wel-willers of his weale,
At whose request, from plentie flowing France,
Crossing the Ocean with a Southerne gale,
He is in person come at your commands,
To vndertake and gratifie withall,
The fulnesse of your fauours profferd him.
But worlds braue men, omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head;
Haue in their conduct safe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,
With small repulse, and little crosse of chance.
Your Citie Rochester, with great applause,
By some diuine instinct laid armes aside :
And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,
Eccho apace repli'd, *Vive la Roy.*
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To Troynouant, your faire *Metropolis*,
With lucke came *Lewis*, to shew his troupes of France,
Wauiing our Ensignes with the dallying winds,
The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre;
Where after some assault, and small defence,
Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compasse of their high built wals,
Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish.

Thus

of King Iohn.

Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnesse,
Meanes of content, in lieu of former grieffe:
And may I liue but to requite you all,
Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours.

Salif. Welcom the balme that closeth vp our wounds,
The foueraigne medicine for our quicke recure,
The auctor of our hope, the onely prop,
Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as sheepe without their heird,
(Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)
We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
No maruell then, though with vnwonted ioy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lew. Thanks to you all of this religious league,
A holy knot of Catholike consent.
I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,
In generall I promise faithfull loue:
Lord *Bigot* brought me to *S. Edmunds* shrine,
Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,
That this assembly came deuoted here,
To sweare according as your packets show'd,
Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,
I need not doubt the suretie of your wils,
Since well I know, for many of your sakes,
The townes haue yeelded on their own accords:
Yet for a fashion, not for misbeleefe,
My eyes must witness, and these eares must heare.
Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,
And after march, to end our commings cause.

Salif. That we intend no other than good truth,
All that are present of this holy league,
For confirmation of our better trust,
In presence of his Highnesse, sweare with me,
The sequel that my selfe shall vtter here.

The troublesome Raigne

I *Thomas Plantaginet*, Earle of Salisburie, sweare vpon the Altar, and by the holy army of Saints, homage and allegiance to the right Christian Prince *Lewis* of France, as true and rightfull King to England, Cornewall, & Wales, and to their territories: in the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altar sweare all forwardnesse. *All the Eng. Lo. sweare.*

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we all.

Lew. I rest assured on your holy oath,
And on this Altar in like sort I sweare
Loue to you all, and princely recompence
To guerdon your good wils vnto the full.
And since I am at this religious shrine,
My good wel-willers giue vs leaue awhile,
To vse some orizons our selues apart,
To all the holy company of heauen,
That they will smile vpon our purposes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Sal. We leaue your Highnesse to your good intent.

Exeunt Lords of England.

Lew. Now Vicount *Meloun*, what remains behind?
Trust me these traytors to their Soueraigne State,
Are not to be beleeu'd in any sort.

Meloun. Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oths,
And play the Rebels gainst their natie King,
Will for as little cause reuolt from you,
If euer opportunitie incite them so:
For once forsworne, and neuer after sound,
There's no affiance after periury.

Lew. Well *Meloun*, wel, let's smoothe with thē awhile,
Vntill we haue as much as they can doe:
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
Meane while wee'l vse them as a pretious poyson,
To vndertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lo. Tis policy (my Lord) to bait our hookes
With merry smiles, and promise of much weight:

of King Iohn.

But when your Highnesse needeth them no more.
Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede
They prooue to you as to their naturall King.

Melun. Trust mee my Lord, right well haue you ad-
Venome for vse, but neuer for a sport (uisde,
Is to be dallied with, lest it infect.

Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall:
Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

Lewes That so I meane, I sweare before you all
On this same Altar, and by heauens power,
Theres not an English traitor of them all,

Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire Englands King,
Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts desert:

Nor shall their heires inioy their Seigniories,
But perish by their parents foule amisse.

This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come vnto the height I hope.

Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me.

The French Lords sweare.

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,
A smile of *Fraunce* will feed an English foole.
Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:
But in the heart like traitors as they are.

Enter the English Lords.

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world,
Haue we sollicitd with hearty prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rowse the tyrant from his chiefeest hold:
And when our labours haue a prosprous end,
Each man shall reape the fruit of his desert.
And so resolu'd, braue followers let vs hence.

The troublesome Raigne

*Enter K. Iohn, Bastard, Pandulph, and a many
Priests with them.*

Thus *Iohn*, thou art absolu'd from all thy sinnes,
And freed by order from our Fathers curse.
Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiso,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.

Iohn I holde the same as tenant to the Pope,
And thanke your Holinesse for your kindnesse shewne.

Philip A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to Friers,
Need hath no law, when Friers must be Kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your maiestie, the Prince of *France*,
With all the Nobles of your Graces Land
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where ere they set their foot, all places yeeld:
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But *Douer* Castle, which is hard besieg'd.

Pan. Feare not king *Iohn*, thy kingdome is the Popes,
And they shall know his Holinesse hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doe.

*Drums and Trumpets. Enter Lewes, Melun, Salisbury,
Essex, Peimbrooke, and all the Nobles from
Fraunce, and England.*

Lewes Pandulph, as gaue his Holinesse in charge,
So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes,
And wonne the greatest part of all this Land.
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerse with *Iohn* that is accurst.

Pand.

of King Iohn.

Pand. *Lewes* of *France*, victorious Conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardnesse to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know my Lord, *K. Iohn* is now absolu'd,
The Pope is pleasde, the Land is blest agen,
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the Pope would wish thee doe.

Lewes But all's not done that *Lewes* came to do.
Why *Pandulph*, hath king *Philip* sent his sonne
And beene, at such excessiue charge in warres,
To be dismist with words? king *Iohn* shall know,
England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

Pand. *Lewes*, I charge thee and thy complices
Vpon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curse,
That thou withdraw thy powers to *Fraunce* againe,
And yeeld vp *London* and the neighbour townes
That thou hast tane in *England* by the sword.

Melun Lord Cardinall, by *Lewes* princely leaue,
It can be nought but vsurpation
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of *Rome*,
Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome,
Now with a word to make them carrie armes,
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
This must not be: Prince *Lewes* keepe thine owne,
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellies full.

Bast. My Lord of *Melun*, what title had the Prince
To *England* and the Crowne of *Albion*,
But such a title as the Pope confirm'd:
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast:
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land

The troublesome Raigne

Will leaue the French, and cleaue vnto our King.
For shame yee Peeres of *England* suffer not
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall:
But with resolu'd thoughts beate backe the French,
And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

Salisbury Philip, not so, Lord *Lewes* is our King,
And wee will follow him vnto the death.

Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres
As traitors to the King, and to the Pope.

Lew. Pandulph, our swords shall blesse our selues agen:
Prepare thee *Iohn*, Lords follow me your King. *Exeunt*

Iohn Accursed *Iohn*, the Diuell owes thee shame,
Resisting *Rome*, or yeelding to the Pope, all's one.
The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and *Fraunce*:
Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.

Pand. Comfort thy selfe king *Iohn*, the Cardnall goes
Vpon his curse to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*

Bastard Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardnall,
Betake your selfe to armes, my troupes are prest
To answer *Lewes* with a lustie shocke:
The English archers haue their quiuers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are prest to push:
Good cheere my Lord, King *Richards* fortune hangs
Vpon the plume of warrelike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his sonne
Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.

Iohn Philip I know not how to answer thee:
But let vs hence, to answer *Lewes* pride.

Excursions. Enter Meloun with English Lords.

Mel. O I am slaine, Nobles, *Salsbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My soule is charged, heare me: for what I say
Concerns the Peeres of *England*, and their State.

Listen

of King Iohn.

Listen, braue Lords, a fearefull mourning tale
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* prision house;
Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an houre:
And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bids me giue physicke to a sickely soule.
O Peeres of *England*, know you what you do?
There's but a haire that sunders you from harme,
The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
And simply you runne doating to your deaths,
But lest I die, and leaue my tale vntolde,
With silence slaughtering so braue a crew.
This I auerre, if *Lewes* winne the day,
There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand
Against King *Iohn* to plant the heire of *France*,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vow'd; my selfe amongst the rest
Swore on the Altar aide to this Edict.
Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift,
The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt:
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my Grandfire was an Englishman.
Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,
No frensie, nor no brainicke idle fit,
But well aduisde, and wotting what I say,
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
That nothing is discouered but a truth.
Tis time to flie, submit your selues to *Iohn*,
The smiles of *Fraunce* shade in the frownes of death,
Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,
Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.
Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
Your seate, your nurse, your birth dayes breathing place,

The troublesome Raigne

That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.

Ah! be not so ingrate to digge your mothers graue,
Preserue your lambes and beate away the wolfe.

My soule hath said, contritions penitence

Laies hold on mans redemption for my sinne. (heauen,

Farewell my Lords; witnesse my faith when we are met in

And for my kindnesse giue me graue room here.

My soule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell.

Sals. Now ioy betide thy soule well-meaning man,

How now my Lords, what cooling carde is this?

A greater grieve growes now than earst hath beene.

What counsell giue you, shall we stay and die?

Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King.

Pemb. My heart misgaue this sad accursed newes:

What haue we done? fie Lords, what frensie moued

Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of *Fraunce*?

If we perseuer, we are sure to die:

If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Salsb. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,

That made vs wretched with his dying tale,

And stand not wayling on our present harmes,

As women wont: but seeke our harmes redresse.

As for my selfe, I will in haste be gone:

And kneele for pardon to our soueraigne *John*.

Pemb. I, there's the way, lets rather kneele to him,

Than to the French that would confound vs all. *Exeunt*

Enter King John carried betweene two Lords.

John Set downe, set downe the load not woorth your

For done I am with deadly wounding grieve: (paine,

Sickely and succourlesse, hopelesse of any good,

The world hath weatied me, and I haue weatied it;

It loathes I liue, I liue and loathe my selfe.

Who pities me? to whom haue I beene kinde?

But to a few; a few will pitie me.

Why die I not? Death scornes so yilde a prey.

Why

of King Iohn.

Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.
I sue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

Phil. How fares my Lord, that he is carried thus?
Not all the aukeward fortunes yet befallne,
Made such impression of lament in me,
Nor euer did my eye attaint my heart
With any obiekt moouing more remorse,
Than now beholding of a mighty King,
Borne by his Lords in such distressed State.

Ioh. What newes with thee? if bad, report it straight;
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Phil. Such as it is, and heauy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke elegies,
Once will I breathe to aggrauate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full.
The brauest bow-man had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quiuier at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,
That *Iohn* was fled, the King had left the field,
At last the rumor scal'd these eares of mine,
Who rather chose as sacrifice for *Mars*,
Than ignominious scandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the prince of Troy
His weary followers gainst the Merimidons,
Crying aloud, *S. George*, the day is ours.
But feare had captiuated courage quite,
And like the Lambe before the greedie Wolfe,
So heartlesse fled our war-men from the field.
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had shadowed all the earth,
With sable curtaines of the blackest hue,
And fenc'd vs from the furie of the French,

The troublesome Raigne

As *Io* from the iealous *Iuno*s eie,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Passing the washes with our carriages,
The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And swallowed vp the most of all our men,
My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well pac'd,
Out stript the foulds that followed waue by waue,
I so escap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

John Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any so unfortunate,
The right Idea of a cursed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for despiht,
My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?
How farre to *Sminstead*, tell me, do you know?
Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.
My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
I cannot liue vnlesse this feuer leaue me.

Philip Good cheere my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monkes.

Abb. All health & happines to our soueraigne lord the

John Nor health nor happines hath *John* at all. (King.
Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

Abbot Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,
Your Maiestie shall be assured of.

Philip The King thou seeft is weake and very faint,
What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace?

Abb. Good stote my Lord, of that you need not feare,
For Lincolneshire, and these our Abbey grounds
Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.

John Philip, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,
Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the Abbeis throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do passe another,

of King Iohn.

The Friers fasten on it strait :

But let vs in to taste of their repast,

It goes against my heart to feed with them,

Or be beholding to such Abbey groomes.

Exeunt.

Manet the Monke.

Monke Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Frier?

Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?

Is this the man that rob'd the holy Church,

And yet will flie vnto a Friory?

Is this the King that aymes at Abbeis lands?

Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,

And yet will flie vnto a Friorie?

Accurst be *Swinstead* Abbey, Abbot, Friers,

Monkes, Nunnes, and Clarks, and all that dwells therein,

If wicked *Iohn* escape aliue away.

Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,

And be canonized for a holy Saint:

To please the world with a deseruing worke,

Be thou the man to set thy countrey free,

And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot Why are not you within to cheere the King?

He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

Monke What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?

Abbot What, at thy *Mumpsimus*? away,

And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King.

Monke Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,

And with a mallet knocke him on the head.

Abbot Alas, what meanes this Monke to murder me?

Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my place.

Monke Ile poyson him, and it shall ne'r be knowne,

And then shall I be chieftest of my house.

Abbot If I were dead indeed he is the next,

But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,

And in his madnesse he will murder me.

L

Monke

The troublesome Raigne

Mon. My L. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not.

Abbot Alas good *Thomas* do not murder me, and thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.

Monke I murder you! God shield from such a thought.

Abbot If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.

Monke I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord: but if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all.

Abbot Wilt thou not hurt me holy *Monke*? say on.

Monke You know my Lord, the King is in our house.

Abbot True.

Monke You know likewise the King abhorres a Frier.

Abbot True.

Monke And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy.

Abbot Thou saist true.

Monke Then the King is our enemy.

Abbot True.

Mon. Why then should we not kil our enemy, and the king being our enemy, why then should we not kill the K.

Abbot O blessed *Monke*! I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants slavery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Mon. Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deed,
Ile free my Countrey and the Church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a King.

Abbot *Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolu'd,
I will absolue thee here from all thy sinnes,
For why the deede is meritorious.

Forward, and feare not man, for euery month,
Our Friars shall sing a Masse for *Thomas* soule.

Mon. God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt,
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lewes and his armie.

Lewes Thus victorie in bloudie Lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of yong *Lodowike*,
The Englishmen as danted at our fight,

of King Iohn.

Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eies,
Onely two crosses of contrary change
Do nip my heart, and vex me with vnrest.
Lord *Meluns* death, the one part of my soule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in *Fraunce*.
The other grieve, I that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that *Douer* Castle should hold out
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of *Francus Hectors* sonne,
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *Iohn*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
And towards the conquest of the other part,
We haue the face of all the English Lords,
What then remaines but ouerrunne the land?
Be resolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune serue as shee begins,
The poorest peasant of the realme of France
Shalbe a master ore an English Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Lewes Fellow, what newes?

Mess. Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of *Salsbury*, *Penbrooke*, *Essex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Barons that did fight for thee, are on a sodaine fled with all their powers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee backe againe.

Enter another Messenger.

Messen. *Lewes* my Lord, why standst thou in a maze?
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from *Fraunce*,
For all thy forces being fiftie saile,
Containing twenty thousand souldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callis* in vnluckie time,
Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another Messenger.

Lewes More newes? say on.

Messen. *Iohn* (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

The troublesome Raigne

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
As *Pharaoh* earst within the bloody sea,
So he and his enuironed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* washes all were ouerwhelmed,
The Barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewes Was euer heard such vnexpected newes?

Messenger Yet *Lodowike* reuiue thy dying heart,
King *John* and all his forces are consumde.

The lesse thou needst the aid of English Earles,
The lesse thou needst to grieue thy nauies wracke,
And follow times aduantage with successe.

Lewes Braue Frenchmen arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewes*, who will leade you on
To chase the Barons power that wants a head,
For *John* is drown'd, and I am *Englands* King.

Though our munition and our men be lost,
Philip of *Fraunce* will send vs fresh supplies. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.

Frier Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate,
Would a might eate his last for the loue he bears to church
men.

Frier I am of thy mind too, and so it should be and we
might be our owne caruers.

Imaruell why they dine here in the Orchard.

Frier I know not, nor I care not. The King comes.

John Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

Abbot Pleaseth your Grace sit downe.

John Take your places sirs, no poimp in penury, all beg-
gers and friends may come, where Necessitie keeps the
house, curtesie is barr'd the table, sit downe *Philip*.

Bast. My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to the pro-
uerb, honors change maners: a king is a king, though For-
tune do her worst, & we as dutifull in despite of her frown,
as if your highnes were now in the highest tipe of dignitie.

John Come, no more adoe, and you tell mee much of
dignity, you'l marre my appetite in a surfet of sorrow.

What

of King Iohn.

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frown like an host that knows his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abbot No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your maiestie.

Bast. I thinke rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being here, when I went in progresse for powches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me.

Abb. Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower of his maiesty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke Wassell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to *Swinstead*.

Iohn Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King. (owne heart.

Monke As much health to your Highnesse as to mine

Iohn I pledge thee kind Monke. (England.

Monke The merriest draught that euer was drunke in Am I not too bold with your Highnesse?

Iohn Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monke If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any prooffe: why so it workes.

Iohn Stay *Philip*, where's the Monke?

Bastard He is dead my Lord.

Iohn Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.

Ba. What cheere my liege? your collor gins to change.

Iohn So doth my life: O *Philip*, I am poison'd.

The Monke, the Diuell, the poyson gins to rage,
It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.

Bast. This Abbot hath an interest in this act.

At all aduentures take thou that from me.

There lie the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuell.

March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell.

How fares my Lord?

Iohn Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace seuen-fold hote.

The troublesome Raigne

To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forsake their proper power,
Onely the heart impugnes with saint resist
The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings,
Helpe God, O paine! die *John*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sinnes.
Philip, a chaire, and by and by a graue,
My legges disdaine the carriage of a King.

Bast. A good my Liege, with patience conquer grieve,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

John Me thinkes I see a catalogue of sinne,
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
The least enough to loose my part in heauen.
Me thinkes the Diuell whispers in mine eares,
And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I must be damn'd for *Arthurs* sodaine death,
I see I see a thousand thousand men
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none so mercifull a God
That will forgiue the number of my sinnes.
How haue I liu'd, but by anothers losse?
What haue I lou'd, but wracke of others weale?
When haue I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
Where haue I done a deede deseruing well?
How, what, when, and where, haue I bestow'd a day,
That tended not to some notorious ill.
My life replete with rage and tyrannie,
Craues little pittie for so strange a death.
Or, who will say that *John* decesse too soone?
Who will not say, he rather liu'd too long.
Dishonour did attaint me in my life,
And shame attendeth *John* vnto his death.
Why did I scape the fury of the French,
And did not by the temper of their swords?
Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
Scorn'd by my foes, disdained of my friends.

Bastard

of King Iohn.

Bast. Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.

Iohn My tongue doth falter : *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *Iohn* did yeeld vnto the Priest of *Rome*,
Nor he nor his haue prospred on the earth :
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
But in the spirit I crie vnto my God,
As did the kingly prophet *David* cry,
(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he shall build the Lord a house,
Or roote these locusts from the face of earth :
But if my dying heart deceiue me not,
From out these loynes shall spring a kingly braunch
Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of *Rome*,
And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets pride,
That sits vpon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,
And in the faith of Iesu *Iohn* doth die.

Bastard See how he striues for life, vnhappy Lord,
Whose bowels are diuided in themselues.
This is the fruit of Poperie, when true Kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and Friers.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,
Which all this while bare armes against the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince his Highnesse sonne,
Do craue to be admitted to the presence of the King.

Bast. Your Sonne, my Lord, yong *Henry* craues to see
Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace.
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile : lift vp your selfe my Lord,
And see the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter

The troublesome Raigne

Enter Pandulph, yong Henry, the Barons with daggers in their hands.

Prince O let me see my father ere he die:
O vncke, were you here, and suffred him
To be thus poyfined by a damned Monke?
Ah he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake.

Bastard His speach doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

Pandulph Lords, giue me leaue to ioy the dying King,
With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
Their liues for ransome of their foule offence.
Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.

Salis. We humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And vow to fight for *England* and her King:
And in the sight of *Iohn* our soueraigne Lord,
In spite of *Lewes* and the power of *Fraunce*,
Who hitherward are marching in all haste,
We crowne yong *Henry* in his fathers sted.

Henry Help, help, he dies; Ah father! looke on mee.

Legat K. *Iohn*, farewell: in token of thy faith,
And signe thou diest the seruant of the Lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnesse here,
Thou diedst the seruant of our Sauour Christ.
Now ioy betide thy soule: what noife is this?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hitherward
With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie standeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their Leaders will commaund.

Bast. Let's arme our selues in yong K. *Henries* right,
And beate the power of *Fraunce* to sea againe.

Legate

of King Iohn.

Legate Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.

Bast. Lord *Salsbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an end.

King Sweet vncl, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
Let not a stone of *Swinstead* Abbey stand,
But pull the house about the Friers eares:
For they haue kill'd my Father and my King. *Exeunt.*

A Parley sounded, Lewes, Pandulph, Salisbury &c.

Pand. *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry* *Englands* king
Requires to know the reason of the claime
That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King Iohn that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathlesse trunk in presence lies,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his Fathers roome.

Henry. *Lewes*, what law of armes doth leade thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
Answer; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,
And make surrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword:
I tell thee *Dolphin*, *Henry* feares thee not.
For now the Barons cleaue vnto their King,
And what thou hast in *England* they did get.

Lewes. *Henry* of *England*, now that *Iohn* is dead,
That was the chiefe enemy to *Fraunce*,
I may the rather be inducde to peace.
But *Salsbury*, and you Barons of the Realme,
This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* Altare lately sware.

Sals. Nor did the oath your Highnesse there did take
Agree with honour of the Prince of *Fraunce*.

Bast. My Lord, what answer make you to the King?

Dolphin. Faith *Philip* this I say: It bootes not me,

M

Not

The troublefome Raigne

Nor any Prince, nor power of Chriftendome
To feeke to win this Iland *Albion*,
Vnleffe he haue a partie in the Realme
By treason for to help him in his warres.
The Peeres which were the partie on my fide,
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the Realme.

Henry On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?

Lew. That fhall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

Bast. Then Kings & Princes, let thefe broils haue end,
And at more leifure talke vpon the League.
Meane while to *Worfter* let vs beare the King,
And there interre his bodie, as befeemes.
But firft, in fight of *Lewes* heire of *Fraunce*,
Lords take the Crowne, and fet it on his head,
That by fucceffion is our lawfull King.

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* raigne,
And bloodie warres are closde with happie league.
Let *England* liue but true within it felfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her State.
Lewes, thou fhalt be brauely fhipt to *Fraunce*,
For neuer Frenchman got of English ground
The twentieth part that thou haft conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to *Worfter* we will marche.
Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne
With obfequies of honour to his graue:
If *Englands* Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor *France*, nor *Spaine* can do them wrong.

F. I. N. I. S.





